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A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

VOLUME LXXIII

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C. S. LEWIS

author of *THE SCREWTAPE LETTERS*

"Lewis is one of the best of the modern defenders of Christianity."

—EXTENSION

has been hailed by the secular and Protestant press for his inimitable style, his superb literary skill, his sparkling wit, profound wisdom, and stimulating approach to religion. The Catholic press has also waxed enthusiastic about these things in Lewis—and at the same time has praised his sound stand on religious and theological matters. "He is borne up in life and letters by the great central facts of our Christian faith," says *America*; and *Tidings* urges, "We should encourage this writer by enlarging his audience tenfold."

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COMMENT ON THE WEEK

The President's Call to Prayer. It is not unusual for the President of the United States to call the people of the nation to prayer. But President Truman's V-E Day message and proclamation designating Sunday May 13 as a day of prayerful thanksgiving and intercession to God rang with unusual seriousness and sincerity. Like his first Presidential broadcast to the country and his address at the opening of the San Francisco Conference, this announcement of the Allied victory in Europe was first and foremost a public recognition of God's provident guidance and assistance. "It is fitting that we as a nation give thanks to Almighty God, who has strengthened us and given us the victory." "I call upon the people of the United States, whatever their faith, to unite in offering joyful thanks to God for the victory we have won and to pray that He will support us to the end of our present struggle and guide us into the way of peace." May this fervent avowal of deep religious faith in the Divine bounty echo in the hearts of all our people. It will be sign and surety that under God we will achieve not only final victory but enduring peace.

Bismarck the Prophet. Before the Prussian House of Delegates, on September 30, 1862, the master engineer of the Reich's future military might uttered these words:

Not by speech-making and the decision of majorities will the great questions of the time be decided—that was the fault of 1848 and 1849—but by iron and blood. (*Nicht durch Reden . . . sondern durch Eisen und Blut.*)

Bismarck, like to the High Priest Caiphas, prophesied without knowing it. One of the great "questions of the time"—a question which his belligerent policy flung in the face of the civilized world—has been decided *durch Eisen und Blut*: by Eisenhower and "Old Blood and Guts."

Poland on V-E Day. As the Second World War ended in its European phase, Britain and America were endeavoring—so far, unsuccessfully—to obtain a satisfactory answer from Stalin about the fate of the Polish Resistance leaders who had gone to a conference with the Lublin Poles—conformably to the Yalta Agreement—and who have not been heard from for more than a month. The Resistance leaders left for the conference in the last days of March. All during April they were "missing," and no amount of questioning—even by Messrs. Eden and Stettinius—could elicit information from Russia. On May 2, Richard Law, British Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, told the Commons that Russia had refused to answer repeated inquiries, and added "I can give no assurance as to the safety of the persons mentioned in the question." On May 3, Molotoff informed Eden and Stettinius at San Francisco that the missing men had been arrested for "diversionist activity" and for operating an illegal radio behind the Red Army lines. Both Eden and Stettinius issued statements couched in forcible language, expressing their grave concern at this announcement and breaking off discussions on the Polish question. Mr. Mikolajczyk, who has been working hard for better relations between Poland and Russia, demanded the release of the Polish leaders as an "imperative necessity," declared that they were "sincere partisans of Soviet-Polish understanding" and asked for the execution, in good faith, of the Yalta Agreement. One explanation offered, not implausibly, of Stalin's outrageous conduct—to give it no worse a name—

is that he is focusing the world's attention on Poland while, behind a blackout screen, he is consolidating his position in eastern and southeastern Europe. Once Stalin is well established there, he need not care too much what kind of government rules in Poland.

Implementing Racial Justice. The second annual campaign of the United Negro College Fund is under way. Thirty-two accredited Negro colleges—like Bennett, Fisk, Hampton, Howard, Lincoln and Tuskegee—have put \$1,550,000 as their 1945 goal. The purpose of the Fund is not to build or endow Negro institutions, but to strengthen and develop existing college programs. Of the sum to be raised, \$525,000 will be allotted for meeting the difference between assured income from tuition, etc., and the 1945 operating budgets of the colleges; \$575,000 will make possible urgent repairs to plant and the acquisition of improved teaching equipment; and \$450,000 is intended for strengthening teaching staffs, providing better library facilities and offering increased scholarship aid to deserving students. Many of the leading citizens and educators of the country are lending the weight of their influence to this worthy cause. It gives all Americans an opportunity to take interracial justice out of the category of polite platitudes and to help make it a fact. Incidentally the campaign may call Catholic attention to the one Catholic Negro college in the United States, Xavier University of New Orleans, which in 1940 had an enrollment of 474 men and 715 women; although Xavier is not one of the schools for Negro students included in the Fund itself.

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Presidential Appointments. The fine impression which President Truman has made on the entire country was strengthened during the fortnight by his nominations for several key positions in the Government. David Lilienthal was reappointed head of the Tennessee Valley Authority which he has administered with extraordinary competence and with no concession to politics. As chief of counsel for the United States in the projected trials of Axis criminals, the President designated Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, Robert H. Jackson. A fine lawyer, Justice Jackson has promised to carry out his difficult task in a manner "consistent with our traditional insistence upon a fair trial for the accused." To administer the far-flung activities of the Federal Loan Administration, which includes the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, Mr. Truman chose an old friend, John W. Snyder. While Mr. Snyder is a former subordinate of Jesse Jones, having once managed the St. Louis office of the RFC and served as Executive Vice President of the Defense Plant Corporation, he is not unacceptable to Mr. Jones' great rival, Henry A. Wallace, who had already appointed him an adviser to the Commerce Department's committee on aid to small business. On hearing of this delicate appointment, observers doffed their hats out of respect for President Truman's political sagacity. The appointment of Robert Hannegan, Democratic National Chairman, to be Postmaster General followed a Washington tradition and caused little comment. Of the new appointees, only Mr. Lilienthal has yet to be confirmed by the Senate. Approval has been delayed by the stubborn and unpopular opposition of Senator McKellar, of Tennessee, but eventually President Truman will have his way.

"But It Will Be Justice." With firm accents a statesman delegate to UNCIO from a nation that has suffered from Nazi occupation, as well as from the treason of some of its citizens, emphasized at San Francisco that his country will not follow the path of sadism and vengeance advocated in many Allied quarters and practised so recently over the body of Mussolini. Asked at a press conference what comment he cared to make on reports just received of the apprehension of Marshal Pétain, former head of the Vichy Government, Georges Bidault, French Foreign Minister and head of the French delegation to the Conference on International Organization, stated with vigor that Pétain would receive justice and everything that he deserves. With equal vigor he added: "but it will be justice." A leader of the Catholic resistance movement in the dark days of German occupation, Mr. Bidault had the right to voice his feelings thus strongly. That he spoke the language of moderation and justice instead of the language of passion and vengeance comes as an assurance to all men of good will that the Christian spirit is still alive in the hearts of those who have most cause for passion and vengeance. Mr. Bidault may be needed in the weeks ahead when the nations are called upon to rise above their feelings in the interests of peace and justice.

Strike in Anthracite. Almost two years ago, a Congress incensed by wartime strikes in the coal fields hurriedly enacted the Smith-Connally "anti-strike" bill. This Review pointed out at the time that the legislation was ill-digested, largely the product of emotion, and would complicate, rather than solve, the problem of wartime industrial relations. If there are still lingering doubts on this score, the "holiday" now taking place in the anthracite coal mines ought to dissipate them. It is no exaggeration to say that the Smith-Connally Act has been an immense help, not an obstacle, to John L. Lewis in his current dealings with the coal operators.

As the nation, suffering acutely from a fuel shortage, continues to lose 56,000 tons of hard coal a day, the Government is forced to stand helplessly by, its hands tied by the Smith-Connally Act. The stoppage in the mines, although thoroughly reprehensible, seems to be entirely "legal." At any rate, agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation have not been able to detect any breach of law which might warrant action on the part of the Attorney General. This is not to say that the wage demands of the miners are unreasonable, or that the operators are justified in rejecting the compromise offered by Secretary of Labor Perkins. Nevertheless, the legitimacy of his goal cannot excuse Mr. Lewis for using evil means. While we have no desire for any part of the Communist smear campaign against the Chief of the miners, we believe that once again he has misled his followers, hurt the reputation of organized labor, and failed in his plain duty to the country. The only bright spot in this dubious picture is the hope that the anti-labor group in Congress has been taught a necessary, if very costly, lesson.

Pentecost. This beautiful festival comes to us this year at a moment of respite. The noise of battle has temporarily died away. The first flush of our partial victory has worn off. In the breathing spell we enjoy before girding ourselves for the rest of the job, we have time to look around and survey the condition of the world. A great part of it already lies in ruins. The work of destruction is only half finished. After that we face what may well prove the hardest job of all—the job of rebuilding on a basis that will ensure a just and lasting peace. But even as our hearts sink at the enormity of the task, Pentecost comes with its reassuring message. The Holy Spirit, the Spirit of light and love, is still, with unwearied providence, operating in the world and in the hearts of men. To our lips springs unbidden the heartening prayer: "Send forth Thy Spirit . . . and Thou shalt renew the face of the earth." Memory carries us back to the day when the Pentecostal fires quickened into vigorous life the infant Church and endowed a little group of poorly equipped men with the power to conquer a hostile world and lead it captive to the teachings of Christ. The knowledge that that revolutionary power is still with us restores our confidence and nerves us for our unfinished work. He Who promised that He would send the Paraclete to preserve, Guide and govern His Church, likewise promised that He would remain with her forever. She is conscious that she is in His care, that she acts by His inspiration and in His name. Through her He still sends forth upon a stricken world His cleansing and healing power. Assured of that omnipotent aid, she continues undismayed her work of bringing to the world the ideals and the spirit of Christ.

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THE NATION AT WAR

VICTORY, complete and unconditional, ends our war against Germany. Three and a half years have gone by since the United States entered this war—just about twice as long as it took us to end World War I. Our intervention in the present war occurred two years and three months after it originally broke out. In World War I it was two years and eight months.

Germany might well have won both wars had it not been for the American support to Great Britain and its Allies. American might tipped the scales in both instances. American industry in each of the two wars has produced almost unbelievable quantities of weapons, ammunition and supplies. We equipped our own troops superbly, and to a great extent supplied our allies.

We kept the British Navy going, furnishing new ships and repairing battle-damaged ones. A defeated Russia was aided, and enabled to raise new armies of such huge numbers that they soon appeared on the battlefield with a crushing superiority of men, guns and planes.

It has taken the United States longer to finish this war than World War I. Germany profited by the experiences of World War I and this time has been a more formidable enemy. Twenty-five years ago we had France for an ally. This time, Germany eliminated France before we reached her. We had to free France first, before we could strike at Germany.

After France had been liberated, it did not take us much longer to overcome the German armies than in our previous campaign in Europe. American soldiers in 1944 and 1945 duplicated the heroism and efficiency shown by their fathers a quarter-century ago.

Credit for our stupendous victory goes largely to our dead President—Franklin D. Roosevelt. He foresaw the necessity of providing a vast armament before our troops attacked. The strategy of waiting to invade Europe until everything was ready has been justified by the results.

Credit goes to the Allied High Command which directed our operations and, not least, to the men who fought and died for country and flag. All honor to them!

COL. CONRAD H. LANZA

WASHINGTON FRONT

WASHINGTON listened to its radio with a sense of amazement at the street celebrations that accompanied the announcement of V-E Day in New York. Here, in the nation's Capital, it was impossible to see on anybody's face any sign of triumph or exaltation such as seems to have gripped people elsewhere. We could understand that London should go on a two-day binge. It was little enough after what happened to it.

But the grim and serious tone that marked the President's speech to the nation was an accurate reflection of the spirit that marked Washingtonians generally. Their thoughts were on the cost the European war had laid on us in young men's deaths, and on the perhaps even greater costs that lie ahead in the Pacific.

On the higher levels, such as in Congress and among departmental chiefs, there seems to be a still more sobering thought, or rather a series of thoughts: will anything good come out of San Francisco? Have we been too easy on the Russians? Or too hard? Will Molotoff go back home and tell Stalin they had better retire behind the nice, cosy Chinese wall of friendly states they have erected all around them and forget about the quarrelsome and suspicious Western nations?

A conversation on this subject is apt to run this way: "The Russians seem to be losing ground, don't they?" Answer: "What do they care?" As Washington sees it, the Russians get lost when they go abroad and, while they seem very smart, they really blunder badly from a long-term point of view. It begins to seem from here that they have simply built up against themselves a mass of opposition, not only here but especially in South America, Italy and elsewhere.

As a postscript to my report two weeks ago on the hearings on the Mead-Aiken education bill, let me add that a new low was reached in them, lower even than anything I recounted before. Into the hearings were read several anti-Catholic pamphlets and speeches that rival the lowest we had in 1928. If the printed report contains these, or a reference to them, a new disgrace will be added to that already perpetrated.

WILFRID PARSONS

UNDERSCORINGS

REMINDING the delegates to the San Francisco Conference that "Peace cannot be manufactured here below" but "must be sought from above," Bishop Hunt of Salt Lake City recommended a "few acts of real unselfishness" as the best means of calling down the blessing of God on their work. "Let the leaders of nations," he urged, "compete with one another, not for primacy of power, but for primacy of unselfishness." In no other way, he warned, can "the floodgates of God's mercy be opened" and the world assured of "the glorious dawn of an era of peace."

► His Holiness Pope Pius XII has appointed the Most Rev. Peter L. Ireton Bishop of Richmond to succeed the Most Rev. Andrew J. Brennan, recently resigned, and has named the Rev. Louis F. Kelleher, Pastor of the Church of St. Catherine of Genoa in Somerville, Mass., as Auxiliary Bishop to the Most Rev. Richard J. Cushing, Archbishop of Boston.

► Commenting on the execution of Fascist leaders in Italy, *Osservatore Romano* deplores the revolting details "which reveal to what an extent unfortunately the minds of men

may be prey to saturation of hatred." Although the Fascist crimes cry out for justice, *Osservatore* adds "justice, even when it is severe and inexorable, cannot go beyond its limits to include impetuous acts of violence or macabre passion."

► 1,400 persons filled St. Monica Cathedral in Cincinnati on May 1 to witness the consecration of the Most Rev. John K. Mussio as the first Bishop of Steubenville, O. The Most Rev. John T. McNicholas, O.P., Archbishop of Cincinnati, officiated, with the Most Rev. Michael J. Ready, Bishop of Columbus, and the Most Rev. George J. Rehring, Auxiliary Bishop of Cincinnati, as co-consecrators.

► "If Poland is done to death in the house of her professed friends, her ghost will plague the peace," Archbishop Mooney of Detroit wrote in a letter reprinted in *The Universe*, British Catholic weekly. The strong public opposition to a puppet regime in Poland the Archbishop attributed in great part to "the constancy of those who in Great Britain and America have stressed the case of Poland as a test of Allied sincerity and fairness."

LOUIS E. SULLIVAN

IL DUCE DEPARTS

JOHN P. DELANEY

"SAWDUST CAESAR" may be a smart journalistic phrase, but it falls far short of describing either the character or the life of the man who fell from his favorite perch on the balcony of the Palazzo Venezia into the mud of Milan's streets.

Benito Mussolini did picture himself as the modern Caesar of a twentieth-century Roman Empire. He took an almost childlike pride in presenting to the pathetic-looking little King the title of Emperor. The Via dell' Impero skirting the ruins of ancient Rome, which he spent millions in excavating, was the daily parade ground of his modern Roman legions, who marched on every conceivable pretext or no pretext at all. He kept continually before his people a huge relief map that showed the Empire of ancient Rome covering the globe, a subtle spur to romantic Italian dreams of imperialism. Even his *fascies* were the symbols of ancient Roman power.

LIVING DANGEROUSLY

He was in his own mind a Caesar, but there was far more than sawdust in his composition. He had courage, even if at times it seemed to be no more than the physical recklessness that too many men mistake for courage. He tried hard to rouse his people to a love of "living dangerously," and he himself had a certain love of dangerous living. He was bred into an era of violence. He drove a motorcycle and a racing car at reckless speed. He tingled to the thrill of aviation. When, for the very sport of it, he put his fattening henchmen through their paces, hurdling sharpened stakes, leaping water-filled ditches, he was not content to watch. He took the lead. As a soldier in the First World War, he made a more than fair record. As Duce, he was more than once a target for pistol fire. On one famous occasion, when one of his followers took a bullet intended for him, he went, in spite of threats and warnings, to the man's funeral and marched alone, unescorted, far ahead of the funeral cortege, chin out, head up, eyes darting from side to side, daring his enemies to try again. They did not try.

He had intelligence and cunning and resourcefulness. He was completely untried in politics and government when, after the March on Rome, he became the State, yet he did succeed in reorganizing a whole nation in a way that caused his friends to shout "genius," and brought to the mind of his enemies the word "diabolical." He had a staccato fire in him that shot out in short, brilliant bursts and set imaginations and loyalties aflame. As an orator he was master of a fierce, nervous, sledge-hammer style, entirely new in Italian oratory but eminently adapted to the mood of modern Italy. He had all the skill of a demagog but, mingled with his demagoguery, was something that at times approached statesmanship.

MUSSOLINI AND HITLER

For one glorious moment in his career he successfully defied and outbluffed Hitler. When Nazi gunmen left Dollfuss bleeding to death in his own office, Hitler was prepared to move his troops into Austria. The Duce knew then, as all the world knew later, that a move into Austria would be but the beginning of Hitler's march to world power. Promptly and proudly he ordered Hitler not to move, rushed his own troops to the Brenner Pass and vowed he would "march" if Hitler moved. Hitler did not move, and it may be that to his dying day Mussolini remembered

that he alone of all the world had ever successfully defied Hitler until the day that Hitler's legions moved on Poland.

On another brilliant day he set his signature to the Lateran Pact, solving boldly and courageously the delicate thing called the Roman Question that had baffled generations of statesmen.

In the middle days of his regime he could have counted on the uttermost loyalty of the majority of the Italian people.

In one last pitiful triumph that he himself knew was no triumph, he swaggered before the Italian people as the savior of the peace of the world. The Prime Minister of the British Empire had called upon him to intercede with Hitler. Munich followed. War was averted but, even while the Duce allowed the people to proclaim him savior, they knew, and he knew, that Munich was not peace, that war was inevitable and that in the face of the coming war he had already made the final gesture that stamped him in the eyes of the world as Hitler's tool and Hitler's fool.

The era of the "Sawdust Caesar" had dawned. The Duce who had long considered himself Hitler's master was no more than a mouthpiece for the screaming Führer. The man who once seemed a dominating figure in the world was on the slide to an end that apparently all but he clearly foresaw. The end came when he lay in death in the streets of Milan, his head on the breast of his slain mistress. On that day his own people cursed and kicked his lifeless body. The whole world looked on and said he had come to a fitting end. Few men in history have ever won such universal contempt. And why?

PUPIL OF MACHIAVELLI

Why? There were many things in his life that remain unexplained, that now, with Hitler dead and all of the Duce's closest followers dead, may ever remain unexplained: the full story of Hitler's complete domination of the Duce, the inability of this man, who was a demagog and an astute politician, to realize that for many years his people had been turning against him. Yet a study of his entire career would seem to highlight one fact: he had everything that should go into the making of a great leader—except principle. Because he lacked principle, he took refuge in expediency and Machiavellianism. He took a fool's pride in his selfish cunning, and in the end his lack of principle blunted his intelligence and he made mistakes, few at first, but very costly ones, and finally his whole life became a mistake and a crime.

This becomes startlingly clear as we look back over his life. Mussolini himself knew it and boasted of it and made a principle of his very lack of principle. He often denied that Fascism was a theory. He developed his theory as he went along. Anything that fitted into the expediency of the moment became part of the theory, to be maintained or discarded as it suited some new exigency. Perhaps not even once in all his speeches did he ever refer to his love of Italy or the Italians. None of his enthusiastic followers, to my knowledge, ever spoke of his love of country or his patriotism.

Before World War I he was a pacifist, but when the war broke out he changed his colors and called for Italian participation in the war. After the war he saw and used the violence that was sweeping over Italy as a challenge to a counter-violence that might sweep him into power. He organized violence, planned it, used it. When his Black Shirts marched on Rome, he followed cautiously, ready, if the King should accept Badoglio's offer to blast them out of Rome, to repudiate them and form other alliances. When

the March succeeded, he propitiated for a moment the existing political parties, until his organized violence made membership in those parties a dangerous thing. There were beatings and imprisonings, "castor-oilings" and murder on his early record, but they served his purpose. They gave him control of politics.

When power was finally his, he did many good things through expediency. Italian pride was at low ebb when he took over. There were hunger, starvation, joblessness. He began building an army, a navy, an air force, not perhaps for use, but for display. He built a new economy, a war economy. While absorbing unions, he still found jobs. He set up workers' clubs, workers' playhouses, vacation camps and vacation trips. He organized boys and girls into militia of their own, a militia that appealed to a love of uniform and parades and a new national pride. He cleared the swamps and ran the trains on time, and built modern workers' homes. He supplied food and jobs and music and fun for the Italian people—to bring the Italian people under his thumb. And for a long time he succeeded. He had control of the Italian people.

DICTATOR VS. POPE

He turned his attention to the Church. He had no love for the Church. He never even pretended to be a Catholic, but years before he rose to power he had attended enthusiastic celebrations in Saint Peter's Square and had come away convinced that any ruler of Italy must reckon with the influence and popularity of the Pope. He set to work to conciliate the Church. He was only too willing to work for the solution of the Roman Question—for the prestige it would give him throughout the world and for the hold he thought it would give him over the Pope. He returned religion to the schools. He drove Communism underground; he outlawed Masonry. He fostered religious observances. Then he set to work to control the Church, to smash independent Catholic organizations, to make the Church the tool of the State. By his conciliatory measures he had won over a large following of the clergy and religious-minded people, but he ran up against a stronger fighter than himself in the person of Pius XI. He never controlled the Church, but he never stopped trying to. He could never understand that the constant opposition of Pius XI was opposition based on principle, not just the personal struggle for power of one strong man against another. Because he could not understand this, he often underestimated the strength of Pius XI, and indulged in this struggle in chicanery and deceit and vanities that made him ridiculous before the world and lost him an ever-growing number of his one-time loyal Italian followers. They chose the Pope and the Church, and their choosing paved the chute for Mussolini's slide from power.

How much his desire to overshadow the Pope in the eyes of the world influenced his foreign policy it is impossible to say. This much is clear: it was no principle, no love of country, no serious regard for the welfare of Italy, that dictated his world moves. It was a desire to be *the* world-mover. More clearly than most people, and certainly much earlier than most, he saw the evil that was Nazism and the danger in the not-too-sane mind of Hitler. In spite of much confused writing on the subject, there is no affinity between Nazism and Fascism, except the overweening desire of two men to be complete masters of the states they ruled. Hitler built his desire into a theory of statism, into a religion. Mussolini never made a theory of his desire to rule. It was a passion with him, a passion to be achieved by any means he could use. Fascism was merely a tag by which his

apologists dignified his lack of principle and his enemies labeled anything they disliked.

For this reason history may be even more harsh in its judgment of Mussolini than of Hitler. He foresaw clearly the danger to which he was submitting Italy and the world when he decided to align himself with Hitler; and for the sake of unprincipled, personal ambition he took the risk, for himself, for Italy, for the world.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

At first he saw himself as the balance of power between the Western nations and Germany. He had forbidden Hitler's entrance into Austria, for he knew that the independence of Austria was the key to the peace of the world. Probably he thought the rest of the world should pay him tribute—the tribute of allowing him to carve out a new Roman empire. Ethiopia became in his mind a symbol of that empire. He may have needed a small war to turn the minds of his people outward. They were beginning to grumble about taxes. Along with jobs, social service and *Dopolavoro* clubs, they were beginning to seek some of the freedoms of yore. An enemy could distract them. He sought an enemy and found it—in the world.

He may have been seriously surprised that the other nations were unwilling to pay his price. Unprincipled, he could not understand principle in others. He had a trump to play—alliance with Hitler. England and France opposed the Ethiopian venture. The United States joined in the opposition. Sanctions were imposed. The Duce went on his way, shouting defiance to the world. Had the nations really imposed their sanctions, he could not have fought out the Ethiopian campaign. It was the mistake of the other nations that they merely played at sanctions, filling Mussolini with a powerful sense of their fear of him and sending him into the hands of Hitler.

From that moment Austria was doomed, and the world would have no choice but to fight Hitler and his ally, Mussolini. From here on the picture is not too clear. In the earlier days of his friendship with Hitler, the Duce, puffed up by his defiance of Great Britain, by his easy conquest of Ethiopia, by a renewed enthusiasm of his people, thought himself a stronger man than Hitler. He probably thought that he had reached a dominant place in the world, one that he could hold by diplomacy, deviousness, trickery and threats of force.

There was something wrong in the picture. With amazing speed Hitler became the master, the Duce the stooge. The Duce himself probably realized this at the time of the *Anschluss*. He certainly should have known that his people knew it, that they were growing bitter towards him, worst of all that they were laughing at him while they cursed the growing power of Nazism in Italy. It is hardly conceivable that he resigned himself to playing second fiddle to his master. He certainly did not think that Hitler was powerful enough to conquer the world.

Munich must have meant new hope for him. Once again he dreamed of being the balance of power in the world. The war came, and for a while again he must have known new hope or complete desperation. For a long-drawn-out war he could stay on the sidelines, perhaps render service to both sides, maybe play a decisive role at the last strategic moment. In any event, his people would not stomach a war on the side of Germany. He gambled. The early war moved more swiftly than he had thought. Germany seemed at the point of complete victory, and Mussolini jumped on the German bandwagon, hoping to salvage something of a policy that was despised both by Hitler and the Allies.

It was his last planned jump. The rest was inevitable, and nothing he could devise could stave off the doom that awaited him. It was a horrible doom, but it was written in his life. A violent beginning, a violent career, a violent death. A life brilliant in spots but unprincipled—an end miserable and without respect. But what a man he might have been!

THE FIGHT OVER FOREMEN

BENJAMIN L. MASSE

SOONER or later the Supreme Court is going to have to decide two simple, little questions. Simple and little, that is, the way a concentrated charge of TNT is simple and little.

The Court is going to have to decide: 1) whether supervisory employees in mass-production industries are employees within the meaning of the Wagner Act; 2) whether, in the event that they are, they form a unit appropriate for purposes of collective bargaining.

For the past several years, the National Labor Relations Board has been hunting high and low for the answer to these questions, and hunting with much more variety than success. Right now the answer is that the Wagner Act is broad enough to cover various kinds of foremen, and that if these gentlemen organize a union and win an election, that union will be certified as an appropriate unit for purposes of collective bargaining. This was also the answer first given (the *Union Collieries Coal Company* case), but before that answer was repeated—this time with apparent finality in the *Packard Motor Car Company* case on March 26—the Board performed an interesting somersault. In the history of labor relations, that somersault is known as the *Maryland Drydock* case (*AMERICA*, May 27, 1944), and before the Supreme Court is through with this business, you will hear of *Maryland Drydock* again. What you will hear, this writer, viewing the fluid state of labor relations today, will not venture to predict.

All this refers, of course, exclusively to the foreman cases in mass-production industries. Where foremen have traditionally been organized, as in the printing, maritime and railroad industries, the Board has unanimously recognized the practice.

The simplest way to get at the issues in the controversy is to study the 25-page decision in the *Packard* case. Most of the arguments used in previous cases are there repeated, together with one or two new ones.

ARE FOREMEN EMPLOYES?

After hearings before a Trial Examiner in Detroit and before the Board itself in Washington, a majority composed of Messrs. Harry Millis and John Houston found:

1. "that the persons sought to be represented by the Association [Foreman's Association of America] are 'employees' within the meaning of Section 2 (3) of the Act"; and
2. "that all general foremen, foremen, assistant foremen, and special-assignment men employed by the Company at its plants in Detroit, Michigan, constitute a unit appropriate for the purposes of collective bargaining within the meaning of Section 9 (b) of the Act."

The Board thereupon ordered an election to be held in the Packard plants within sixty days. This election, which took place in April, resulted in a victory for the Foreman's Association of America, an independent union composed exclu-

sively of supervisory employees. The Union was then duly certified as the exclusive bargaining agent for the Packard foremen.

To support its finding that supervisory workers are employees under the terms of the Wagner Act, the Board majority depended on the argument, sustained by the Supreme Court in the *Hearst* case, that Congress sought, in the words of the Court decision,

... to find a broad solution, one that would bring industrial peace by substituting, so far as its power could reach, the rights of workers to self-organization and collective bargaining for the industrial strife which prevails when these rights are not effectively established.

"The Court further declared," Messrs. Millis and Houston continue, "that Congress employed broad language advisedly, with the intention of leaving to the expert discretion of this Board the task of determining who are 'employees' within the meaning of the Act; that this question is to be determined by the 'underlying economic facts,' and that 'where all the conditions of the relation require protection, protection ought to be given.'"

The Board, therefore, rejected the narrow test for jurisdiction sponsored by the Company, which would have necessitated a strict interpretation of the term "employer" as defined in Section 2 (2) of the Act, to wit, "any person acting in the interest of an employer directly or indirectly."

It is not entirely clear from the record to what extent Mr. Gerard Reilly, who wrote a minority opinion, disagrees with his confrères on this point. In the earlier cases he seemed to hold that supervisory employees are to some extent employees under the Act, and this was certainly his mind in the *Soss Manufacturing Company* and *Republic Steel Corporation* cases, where the Board held unanimously that the discharge of a foreman for union membership was a violation of the Act. The main difference between Mr. Reilly and the majority in the *Packard* case appears to lie in a dispute over the appropriateness of a union of supervisory employees in the "state of industrial administration and employee self-organization" now existing. To this question we now turn our attention.

APPROPRIATE UNIT

The Board majority begins its argument with a detailed description of the status and function of supervisory employees in a modern mass-production industry, and contrasts their position today with that of foremen in the early 1900's. It concludes that in days gone by "the foreman was master of his department," but now is more like "a traffic cop." This does not mean that the foreman's job has become less exacting; actually it has become more so. But the "long-term trend in mass-production industry has materially reduced the independence and authority of the foreman and his responsibility for making policies." And Messrs. Millis and Houston quote with approval a finding of the Foremen's Panel of the War Labor Board that, whereas the foreman formerly had considerable freedom of action, he is now "more managed than managing, more and more an executor of other men's decisions and less and less a maker of decisions himself."

The proof of the pudding, the Board majority goes on to say, is in the eating. Foremen are everywhere organizing and the Foreman's Association of America is growing by leaps and bounds. In January, 1942, the first chapter was established. Within two years there were 67 chapters. By the end of 1944, 32,142 members were enrolled in 148 chapters. So strongly did these men feel the need of a union that from July 1, 1943, through November, 1944, despite the urgency

of the war, they engaged in twenty strikes, almost all of them for recognition.

But this is the very kind of evil, continue Messrs. Millis and Houston, which Congress sought to remedy in the Wagner Act. In passing that legislation, it attempted to provide a means by which employees might organize and bargain with their employers without resorting to economic warfare. The supervisory employees, having been denied the protection of the Act in the *Maryland Drydock* case, are now taking matters into their own hands, just as rank-and-file workers did before the Act was passed. The Board accordingly concludes:

These are the plain and inescapable economic facts, and we think it therefore manifest that the time has come when, in the interest of effectuating the policies of the Act, we must accord greater recognition to the militantly expressed need of supervisory employees for collective bargaining through their own organizations.

Messrs. Millis and Houston then deal with the Company's contention that a unit of supervisors would not be appropriate: 1) because the unit in question is not independent of the union which represents its rank-and-file employees; and 2) because foremen, being a "part of management," owe undivided allegiance to their employers.

The first contention, the Board found, has no sound basis in fact.

To the second it replied that management used the "disloyalty" argument when rank-and-file employees began to organize under the protection of the Act. Experience has proved these fears of employee disloyalty groundless, and the same will be true in the case of the supervisors.

In its discussion of this point, the Board majority inserted the following excellent paragraph:

It must be remembered that foremen have the right to form, and join, labor organizations quite apart from and outside the Act. This is a fundamental right, the right of free association, which was not created, but implemented, by the Act. The statute we administer was enacted to insure that this already existing right could be exercised in a peaceful and orderly manner so that the flow of goods and services in interstate commerce would not be interrupted. Thus, to deny the foremen in this case the protection of the Act is not to deny them the right to form and join their union or to demand collective bargaining rights from their employer. It would only be a denial of access to peaceful procedures to exercise that right.

This is the same argument from the Divine natural law which Pope Leo XIII used for the right of private associations in *Rerum Novarum*. It was also enunciated by the Supreme Court in 1937 in a case involving the Jones and Laughlin Steel Company. As regards foremen, however, the automobile industry remains skeptical, with the single exception of the Ford Motor Company. Without any prompting from the NLRB, Ford has recognized the Foreman's Association of America as bargaining agent for its supervisory employees.

THE MINORITY OPINION

In his vigorous, closely-reasoned dissent, Mr. Reilly argues that the decision in favor of the Packard foremen: 1) contradicts a settled policy of the Board and is detrimental both to rank-and-file freedom of choice and established management techniques; 2) is not warranted either by the Act or the facts in the case. In general, he feels that the Board's action will cause "irreparable damage to the delicate balance between the conflicting interests of management and worker

which the National Labor Relations Act sought to bring about in American industry."

By way of proving his first point, Mr. Reilly recalls that the Board, from the very beginning, has always recognized that "in the mass-production industries the interests of foremen lay predominantly with management groups." For this reason, in dealing with unfair labor practices, the Board has consistently deemed "the actions of a foreman the actions of his employers." Now, by judging the foreman's union to be an appropriate unit, the Board is fatally compromising this "historic principle." It is jeopardizing the freedom of rank-and-file workers because, whatever the theory may be, the danger of collaboration between the "autonomous" foreman's union and the rank-and-file union is all too real.

Recent developments [he asserts] have made it equally clear that in the strongly organized industries, foremen's associations possess no real autonomy so far as effectuating their bargaining objectives unless they ally themselves in their policies and tactics with representatives of the employees whom they are hired to supervise. When this happens, of course, the proper line of demarcation between supervisor and supervised becomes hopelessly confused.

And he concludes the point with the strong statement that it is difficult to see any logical distinction between supervisors' unions which have an alliance with rank-and-file groups and "the labor organizations which we have hitherto proscribed because of the presence of supervisors in their councils."

In other words, Mr. Reilly is saying that foremen's unions either will have an alliance with rank-and-file unions or they will not. If they have an alliance, they will jeopardize the freedom of the rank-and-file union and risk being disloyal to the men who hire them. If they are really independent, they will be largely ineffective and furnish no remedy for the alleged wrongs suffered by supervisors.

For his second point, Mr. Reilly leans heavily on the report of the Foremen's Panel of the War Labor Board, which found, after extensive hearings, that foremen are generally well paid, being "in the upper third of income receivers in the nation as a whole," and that they have very few grievances beyond "the fear that they will be laid off or demoted when cutbacks and cancellations of war orders occur." The social legislation of the New Deal, he observes, was enacted for the benefit of the "one-third of the Nation—ill-fed, ill-housed and ill-clothed," not for the upper third of the income bracket.

He concludes, therefore, that the Wagner Act was not intended to embrace unions of foremen. To extend the full benefits of the Act to these unions would undoubtedly improve the economic position of foremen, but only at the risk of grave dangers to essential war production, to established management techniques and to the freedom of rank-and-file unions. Accordingly, because in his mind these dangers outweigh the benefits to foremen, Mr. Reilly is obliged to dissent from the Board's decision.

SOME OBSERVATIONS

In any discussion of the foreman question, it is essential to keep the *moral* and *legal* aspects distinct. It is one thing to say that foremen have the moral right to organize; another, that they have the legal right to do so under the Wagner Act. The second proposition remains doubtful until the Supreme Court shall have passed on the question.

As for the moral right, it is clear that such a right exists. It is not so clear that at the present stage of industrial relations foremen may be granted the *full use of this right*.

Under certain circumstances, public authority may legitimately restrict the exercise of natural rights to a social relation. If it is granted that Mr. Reilly's fears are well grounded, Congress would certainly have the right to restrict the activities of foreman's unions. As a matter of fact, following the *Union Collieries* decision, a bill to exclude supervisors from the provisions of the Wagner Act was introduced in the House and progressed as far as the hearings stage. It was dropped only after the Board reversed its position in the *Maryland Drydock* case.

Personally, I do not believe that Mr. Reilly's fears are sufficiently well grounded to justify a restriction on the moral right of foremen to full organizational activity. If he is right, I find it impossible to understand the policy of the Ford Motor Company which, with no opposition from the rank-and-file union, has freely granted recognition to a union of supervisory employees. I find it impossible, also, to reconcile Mr. Reilly's misgivings with the practice in New York where the State Labor Relations Board has granted to foremen the full protection of the Labor Relations Act. This policy has not led to the grave evils he anticipates.

OPEN-DOOR POLICY IN WORLD CHARTER

ROBERT A. GRAHAM

SAN FRANCISCO—The admission of Argentina to the San Francisco Conference as well as the invitation to the Ukrainian Soviet Republic and the White Russian Soviet Republic to become initial members, were the chief decisions of the first week of UNCIO. Both of these decisions were important for their later effect on the policies of the organization. By the admission of Argentina, hitherto listed among the pro-Fascist powers, the way was opened for later admission to the organization of other states which had been cool to the war program of the United Nations. On the other hand, the admission of the two Soviet Republics sets a precedent for the admission of the other fourteen subdivisions of the Soviet Union, which by Soviet reckoning are autonomous and therefore have a right to be represented in the coming peace organization.

POLITICS VS. PRINCIPLE

Thus far political considerations rather than principles have played the chief role in determining membership. No settled policy has yet been agreed upon regarding future invitations. It is not yet clear just what nations can belong; and it is not certain or definite whether and when the neutral nations, such as Eire, Sweden and Switzerland, will be invited to participate. It is still less certain, at present writing, under what conditions our present enemies will be admitted.

Whether the organization will remain strictly a United Nations organization or will be universal in character is a matter that has far-reaching consequences. It has already been made the subject of extensive memoranda submitted to the United Nations Conference here at San Francisco. In these memoranda, submitted with proposed amendments to the Dumbarton Oaks draft, the point is made that the organization will be a true international body only when it admits the principle of universality. These memoranda emphasize the point that no matter how imperative is the unity of the United Nations, this cannot be compared with the still greater need for that wider unity which brings together

both friend and foe, victors and vanquished, neutrals and belligerents.

UNCIO is strictly an invitational affair, sponsored by the four Powers. These invitations went only to those nations which had declared war on the Axis by a specified date. The San Francisco Conference is exclusively a meeting of belligerents. The broadening of the organization to include States other than belligerents is the next step in the progress toward a world reunited in harmony.

Amendments to the Dumbarton Oaks draft filed by Friday, May 4, deal with this yet unsettled policy towards future members. They look toward a universal basis for the organization.

LATIN-AMERICAN PROPOSALS

According to the present phraseology of the Dumbarton Oaks proposals, membership "should be open to all peace-loving states." The Venezuelan government, in its criticism of this paragraph, remarks:

The concept of peace-loving states frequently expressed by the leaders of the principal United Nations in their statements seems just and natural in time of war, but proves to be vague and unprecise once the war is concluded, since when peace is established no State will wish nor will be able to admit without stigma that it is not peace-loving. Who will have to determine which are the peace-loving states? . . . It will never be suitable for the natural hates and prejudices that have risen in the heat of the struggle to be projected indefinitely into the future and falsify or warp the foundations of a sincere international cooperation in the postwar period.

The view of the Venezuelans is that the organization now being shaped should be open to the membership of all nations. They point to the exclusiveness of the League of Nations as one of the reasons why the League could not command world respect. In this protest they are joined by several other Latin-American countries. For instance, Brazil in its memorandum states:

The delegation of Brazil considers that it would be desirable to adopt the principle of universality into the new organization. This should fully represent the community of states in such a manner that no state which enjoys its own independent life could either be excluded or exclude itself from that community.

Mexico has presented a document dealing at length with the same theme.

In asserting that no state may stay out of the organization nor even be expelled from it, these memoranda of the South-American republics are only expressing the conclusions of distinguished Anglo-Saxon legal minds. In the words of a distinguished international lawyer whom I interviewed on this question, membership in the organization should be "automatic."

AMENDMENTS

The universality of membership should not exclude due precautions taken to guarantee the good faith of members. An amendment presented by the Netherlands delegation to UNCIO offers this criterion for the concept of "peace-loving states." They are the states which "may be expected on account of their institutions and by their international behavior faithfully to observe and carry out international commitments." In fact, as one memorandum reminds us, politically the best way to control dangerous states is precisely to include them in the membership of the organization charged with preservation of the peace and subject them as members thereof to all the necessary conditions of vigilance and prevention.

A study of the amendments submitted by the various delegations for consideration by the San Francisco Conference brings out the fact that the trend is toward a more universal organization. Are there any grounds for believing that the organization may turn out to be an exclusive United Nations organization?

This writer was present at a press conference held by Commander Harold Stassen to explain the proposals being made by the American delegation. Coming to the question of the world court, he reminded us that the old Permanent Court of International Justice contains members who are not members of the new organization and that the old institution might not be continued on this score. To my question whether this meant that the forthcoming organization is not to be universal, open to all members, he replied that the Dumbarton Oaks charter contemplates a membership organization.

But it stands to reason that if the organization coming out of San Francisco is limited to the United Nations, only half the job of bringing about "One World" has been attempted, let alone completed. If barriers are set up to the admission of the neutral and enemy nations, the charter already limps on one foot. Eire and Switzerland, for instance, may feel their national pride hurt, and disdain to seek admission. World opinion would remain skeptical about the sincerity and good faith of the United Nations in their professions of desire for a peaceful world based on our common stake in peace. If yielded to, this ignoble impulse of exclusiveness can easily throw demoralizing doubts into our own hearts. It is to be hoped that the recommendations of the Latin-American countries will be adopted. The world wants a genuine world organization, not merely a long-term coalition of the victorious Powers.

IS A COMMUNIST MY NEIGHBOR?

CHARLES F. DONOVAN

THERE ARE SOME QUESTIONS in my mind about our attitude towards Communism and Communists. First, are we in danger of becoming in repute and in fact negativistic, with all the perilous implications of such an attitude? It is all right to be against things that are wrong, so long as you are also for things that are right. Moribund Protestantism, which of course had the initial handicap of being against Christ's Church, is a red light that should warn us away from mere negation and protest.

It is clear that we have an obligation to oppose atheistic Communism. The present Holy Father has, by word and example, left no doubt of this. But it is also true that our Holy Father has spoken on many other more affirmative subjects—on the Mystical Body, for instance, and on Holy Scripture. It is not the fact of being or talking against Communism that is questioned; rather, it is the tendency of some to talk of nothing else, to talk Communism in sermons, missions, Retreats and Novenas. If one may—as has often been done—criticize those whose exclusive theme is sin, on the grounds that virtue is better inculcated by affirmation and enlightenment than by objugation, certainly a similar criticism is justified regarding Communism.

No matter what may be said of the quality of Catholic preaching, we may thank God that the pulpit has never been turned into a lecture platform in our churches. We have avoided topics so tangential to God as book reviews, travel-

ogs and sociological effusions. But is there not a danger in the theme of Communism, which in the public mind has a predominantly political and social significance? Objection could not legitimately be raised to an occasional talk; but I am afraid that some of us give the impression that the traditional "notes" of the Church—one, holy, catholic and apostolic—have been replaced by the inclusive, unitary note: anti-Communist. It makes me uneasy when I become engaged in casual conversation with Catholics in buses or trains and they bring up the subject of Communism after the weather, seemingly not because of personal interest in the topic but because they want to be polite and speak of what is uppermost in Father's mind. I do not want people thinking that anything but Christ is uppermost in my mind.

Secondly, are we not apt to be slightly frantic in some of our statements on this issue and display an alarmism that seems a Catholic cousin to Protestantism's Pope-in-the-White House? About the middle of the last decade I heard a distinguished priest say that by 1939 Church property in Massachusetts would be in the hands of Communists; and another prophesied that by 1940 priests and nuns would be killed in the streets of New York. Both were men whose opinions on theology and spiritual matters demand the highest respect. Whence and wherefore this frenzy? Why rail against putative Communist murderers and speak with composure of actual Catholic grafters or anti-Semites?

Thirdly, we frequently recur to the distinction between the sinner and his sin, pointing out that we may hate the act but not the person. Can we escape a similar distinction with regard to Communists and Communism? Apart from the fact that many who can legitimately be dubbed Communists have never given a thought to the religious aspects of their philosophy, and apart from the fact that ignorance of religion in general and of the Church in particular is often so monumental as to remove culpability from an attitude of anti-religion, even the clear-cut, understanding atheistic Communist has upon him the Blood of Christ, is a candidate for the Kingdom and for fellowship with the Saints. We must regard them with love, we must pray for them—not only for their conversion, but for their happiness and well-being as men. We must prove that our "communism," stretching back into the roots of time and reaching forward into eternity, making all people of good will actually—and all people without reservation potentially—one in Christ and one with each other, is far more real and radical and meaningful and satisfying than theirs. Our attitude should not be, in the spirit of the Gestapo: is my neighbor a Communist?—but rather, in the spirit of the parable, is a Communist my neighbor?

I respectfully recommend that we all remember Our Lord's prediction of persecution as something to be taken as a matter of course, not as the catastrophe that will sink Peter's bark; that we remember His admonition to love them who hate us and do us evil; that we be more concerned with upbuilding than defending, with converting than repelling.

A careful reading of *Divini Redemptoris* (Pius XI's Encyclical on Communism) would seem to show that this attitude, in the mind of the Popes is, in the long run, the best weapon against Communism.

WHO'S WHO

REV. ROBERT A. GRAHAM, S.J., of the AMERICA Staff, is in San Francisco, reporting the Conference.

REV. CHARLES F. DONOVAN, S.J., is a member of the Guidance Department of Boston College, Boston, Mass.

VICTORY AT ARMS

LEADEN-FOOTED though the days have been for the families waiting at home, since D-Day the pace of victory has been cyclonic. In less than a year we, a nation that abhors militarism in time of peace, have met what was the world's mightiest military machine and have wrecked it utterly.

That defeat is the most crushing in all the ruthless history of war. Casualties that total some ten million, forty to fifty of her major cities heaps of rubble, transportation ruined, millions homeless, her armed forces blotted out, Germany is indeed beaten as no other nation has ever been. May God, in His inscrutable Providence, send some counsels of sanity and prudence to the Japanese apers of Nazi arrogance, that they may see the doom that will be theirs as inevitably and perhaps even more crushingly if they continue their folly.

The epic qualities of our victory lie not merely in the defeat of Germany, but in the whole range of circumstances under which it was achieved. To accomplish it, our fighting men have battled in Africa, Sicily, Italy, France, Belgium, Luxembourg, Holland, Germany, Austria and Czecho-Slovakia. We have beat off the submarine wolf-packs and bridged the Atlantic. We have curtained the European skies with bomber and fighter fleets three hundred miles long. We have governed, controlled, fed and relieved behind the lines a civilian population far more than equal to our own. And all the time, we have been stalking down the Japanese from one Pacific island to another, and sent against her alone the mightiest navy the world has ever seen.

Truly, the vastness of the American achievement has been titanic. We have no intention of being smugly blind to the achievements of our Allies but, without America at their sides, the war in Europe, it seems safe to say, would still be grinding agonizingly on.

God grant that a national humility, a concerted public opinion turned toward justice and charity in international relations, keep pace with our material might. Otherwise, our natural American proneness to worship bigness will turn inward, and we shall worship ourselves. That is an easy road to delusions of being a master race. We have won, we are big—but we are not masters. We are fellows, under God.

OUR DEAD

THEY DID NOT WANT to die, all the young dead who fell on the field of battle. Nor did the living will that they should die. Even in victory we cannot but feel sad that they should have been called upon to pay so dear a price for the thing that we call peace. We are relieved, yes. We are deeply grateful. We look upon them and think of them with respect and reverence. Most of all, we are ashamed, ashamed for a world that could find no better road to peace than over their dead bodies, their dead young bodies that still had in them unfructified the seed of life.

No doubt, it had to be so. They had to leave homes and mothers and fathers and wives and children. They had to be trained in brutal ways of killing and in heroic ways of dying. They had to steel themselves against all the kindlier things for which man is made. They had to die that millions more than they and millions after them might learn once again and once and for all the things that lead to war and the things that make for peace.

They were a holocaust to all the greed and selfishness growing unchecked in individual and family and nation, to all the pride of man and nation and race, that would despise

man and make of man and nation and race merely a tool of another man's greed, another nation's greatness, another race's ungodly conceit.

They are an indictment of man's cowardice, man's stupidity, man's pride: of man's cowardice fleeing in fear before God's law of love to fall victim to man-made laws of hatred; of man's stupidity scorning Eternal Wisdom to take foolish refuge in the wisdom of men who try to build a world on laws of their own devising; of man's pride that would place his puny knowledge against the Eternal Knowledge of Him who made man.

They had to die, but only because man made the necessity. God did not make men to die at one another's throats. He made them for love, love of one another, love of Him. He made them for oneness, oneness in marriage, oneness in nationality, oneness above all nationalities.

Our dead shall be glad if their death shall be the rebirth of love in the world. And we shall be less ashamed of their dying which we made necessary.

V-E DAY AT HOME

HERE AND THERE a minority of the American people greeted the announcement of V-E Day in a spirit of noisy jubilation reminiscent of Armistice Day, 1918. But it was only a minority, and the jubilation was shortlived. Unlike the British, who were in a mood to celebrate the lifting of a siege that had endured for almost six years, our people took the news in a spirit of sober thankfulness. Although grateful to God that our arms had been victorious and that the killing was over in Europe, they were too acutely conscious of the months of fighting and dying that still lay ahead in the Pacific to indulge in joy unrestrained. President Truman spoke truly the thoughts that were in the minds of most of us when he said:

Our rejoicing is sobered and subdued by a supreme consciousness of the terrible price we have paid to rid the world of Hitler and his evil band. . . .

We can repay the debt which we owe to our God, to our dead and to our children only by work—by ceaseless devotion to the responsibilities which lie ahead of us. If I could give you a single watchword for the coming months, that word is—work, work, and more work.

While the President stressed the necessity of carrying the war to Japan, he was thinking also of the many difficult domestic problems which assumed a new urgency with the end of hostilities in Europe. For many months now, the leaders of the Armed Services have been worried by the possibility of a civilian let-down after news of the defeat of Germany. This fear is the real explanation of their opposition to reconversion planning and their support of the May-Bailey labor conscription bill. On the other hand, the heads of the wartime agencies have been no less worried by the possibility that postponement of industrial reconversion might place an intolerable strain on inflation controls and lead, at the same time, to large-scale unemployment. They foresaw, if the military prevailed, a period of dangerous confusion during which inflation would exist in some sectors of the economy and deflation in others.

Now that the hour has struck, it is clear that the "civilian" viewpoint has finally prevailed. During the next few months, war orders will be cut thirty or forty per cent,

and for the first time since Pearl Harbor durable consumer goods will be produced in sizable quantities. This reconversion will place a great strain on civilian discipline. Manufacturers will be prone to seek higher prices; workers will be tempted to leave war work for peacetime jobs; and the general public will fret under continued price control and rationing. The soberness with which our people welcomed V-E Day encourages the hope that, in the face of these temptations, President Truman's appeal, "I call upon every American to stick to his post until the last battle is won," will not pass unheeded.

WORK FOR PEACE

AS HE SPOKE of the end of the war in Europe, President Truman reminded the nation that victory has its obligations, no less exacting than those of war. He gave thanks to "the Providence which has guided and sustained us through the dark days of adversity," and paid tribute to the sacrifices made by our neighbors and fellow-Americans upon whom has fallen so heavily the burden of "the terrible price we have paid to rid the world of Hitler and his evil band." We, for whom so much has been sacrificed, have the responsibility of using well a victory so dearly bought.

The fighting job is only half finished; but even when that is done, there is still, said the President, a work to do: "We must work to bind up the wounds of a suffering world—to build an abiding peace, a peace rooted in justice and in law."

Pope Pius XII, speaking the next day in Rome, struck the same note:

Peace, indeed, cannot flower and prosper except in an atmosphere of secure justice and of perfect fidelity, joined with reciprocal trust, mutual understanding and benevolence.

It is the note he struck on the very first day of his Pontificate when he chose as his motto, *Opus Justitiae Pax*—Peace is the work of Justice.

There can, indeed, be no other way to peace. To one who reflects upon the origins of war and asks himself how it is that men, fearing and abhorring war, can yet drift into it time after time, the answer becomes clear. As peace is the work of justice, so war is the work of injustice. Justice, by its nature, is a principle of order in human affairs; injustice is a principle of disorder and chaos. Men love peace in vain when they do not first love justice.

Our modern world is so compact and so complex, it has in its possession such tremendous powers of destruction, that it has a desperate need of order. Once let those powers get out of control and the result is a world holocaust such as we are now enduring. The coming of the final victory will not undo that complexity or lessen those terrible and dangerous forces.

The next few years may well be a test of man's power to survive as a civilized being on this earth. They put before us the blunt question: are we going to be able to control the forces of destruction we have created? The present war has, in fact, put man in possession of powers of destruction far surpassing anything the world has yet known.

That control must come through the rule of law and justice. It will not come by wishing for it; it will not come by folding our hands and weeping over its absence; it will not come by cynicism or despair. It will come only by hard work—and the grace of God.

TO THE VANQUISHED

FOR THE SECOND TIME in the history of our country we, as Americans, are speaking to a conquered German people. Those to whom we addressed ourselves in 1918 enjoyed the mitigation that for them, as for us at that time, the horrors of a world war had left their country unscathed by visible destruction, even though it had taken terrible toll in their dead and wounded.

But today we find ourselves face to face with eighty million people upon whose homes and cities has descended in full force the heavy hand by which their own fleets and armies sought to subjugate the rest of the world. They are not only conquered enemies; they are routed enemies—utterly beaten and prostrate, enveloped in a wave of destruction such as the world has never seen.

To use the victor's voice and speak with the conqueror's gestures has never been a role congenial to the American taste. We have no training for such a task, no rehearsals for declaiming *vae victis* (woe to the conquered). We have learned, or tried to learn, the lessons of forgiveness after our domestic battles at home. We have in mind a Grant at Appomattox who bade the defeated cavalymen take their horses home for the spring plowing and a Lee who in defeat settled down peacefully to become the head of a teaching institution.

We know that out of these eighty million people there is a certain percentage for whom no friendly approaches we can make will be of any probable avail. The lessons of fanatical contempt for other peoples and races were already so thoroughly learned, and have become now so fused in their minds with intense resentment at the forces which have frustrated their passionate ambitions, that nothing can mollify their hatred of the conqueror. No process of education, experience or reasoning will be likely to alter their feelings in this our generation.

But other multitudes, even though they be a minority, after the first storm of grief and dejection has somewhat hushed, will begin to lift up their heads from despair and look to the building of a new and better world. These will be the men of God and the consecrated souls who have kept the flame of religion burning even against the devil gusts of Hitler's hurricane propaganda. They will be the young men and women who at the risk of their lives have refused to bow to Baal and have continued to profess their faith in the fiery furnace. Among these will be many thousands now liberated from the infamous horror camps who yet retain the strength and sanity needed to work for the restoration of their fatherland.

The more our own spirit is cleansed from anything like self-righteousness, the readier we are to acknowledge our own share of guilt in the world's calamities, the more convincingly shall we speak to those elements in Germany upon whom any hope of reconstruction depends.

To them, as to ourselves, we hold out an identical hope, in order to become, in words of Pope Pius XII, "the molders and builders of a new and better Europe, of a new and better universe," which will be built "on the filial fear of God, on fidelity to His Holy Commandments, on respect for human dignity, on the sacred principle of equality of the rights of all peoples and all states, large and small, weak and strong." There are those who will reject these ideas but there are those who will accept them. It is for us, as Americans, as believing Christians and as Catholics, to invite the men and women of good will in conquered Germany to start the long, hard, prayerful path back to the paths of justice and fellowship in the family of nations.

LITERATURE AND ART

THOUGHTS FOR A WARTIME ANTHOLOGY

HAROLD F. RYAN

SHOULDN'T HE HAVE BEEN advancing with the rest of the infantry? He could not recall clearly just why he had stopped here by the roadside. But no one seemed to notice him, no one gave him any command. He looked down at his hand. Where a moment before there had been a rifle he now saw a little book. Strange . . . he didn't remember anyone giving it to him. He opened it and the first lines that met his eyes put into words the thoughts that had been stirring within him through all these days of anxiety and strife.

One who never turned his back but marched breast
forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong
would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, Sleep
to wake.

Yes, that was what he thought. But why had he come? He read on and found part of the answer in Shakespeare's lines.

I have in equal balance justly weighed
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
And find our griefs heavier than our offenses,
We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforced from our most quiet there
By the rough torrent of occasion.

It was true. He had been borne hither by "the rough torrent of occasion," but he had tried to face his destiny like the "Happy Warrior," who

. . . if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a Lover . . .

He who, though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans
To home-felt pleasures and to gentle scenes;
Sweet images! which, wheresoe'er he be,
Are at his heart . . .

And yet, how many were being swallowed up in the restless and resistless flow of "the rough torrent of occasion." Why had this torrent burst upon the world? He read on and found words that described the world's condition and hinted at the reasons. Once more it was Shakespeare who spoke:

. . . there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure; but security enough to make fellowships accurst: much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news.

"Scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure"—what a comment on thousands of headlines! Has truth something to do with peace and freedom? There had been security enough for Axis partnerships, and what these "accurst" fellowships were capable of accomplishing was prophetically outlined in the fragment from *Russelas* that he now read.

An artist was explaining why he would not impart to mankind the secret of flying which he had mastered:

If all men were virtuous . . . I should with great alacrity teach them all to fly. But what would be the security of the good if the bad could at pleasure invade them from the sky? Against an army sailing through the clouds neither walls nor mountains nor seas could afford any security. A flight of northern savages might hover in the wind and light at once with irresistible violence upon the capital of a fruitful region that was rolling under them. Even this valley, the retreat of princes, the abode of happiness, might be violated by the sudden descent of some of the naked nations that swarm on the coast of the southern sea.

"A flight of northern savages" and "the nations that swarm on the coast of the southern sea." There was ironic prophecy in these words written two centuries ago. Rotterdam . . . London . . . Pearl Harbor. And was virtue in some way connected with security? The "rough torrent of occasion" was making men virtuous now. Had they not written from home to say they had heard there were "no atheists in fox-holes"? Why did men need the dreaded Horsemen of the Apocalypse to make them believe in their Creator? His eyes fell upon lines from Donne that cried shame on all such shallow boasting about fear-induced belief.

From needing danger, to bee good,
From owing thee yesterdaies teares to day,
From trusting so much to thy blood,
That in that hope, we wound our soule awaye,
From bribing thee with Almes, to excuse
Some sinne more burdensome,
From light affecting, in religion, newes,
From thinking us all soule, neglecting thus
Our mutuall duties, Lord deliver us.

There it was: the failure of the good pagan, the indifference of the mediocre Christian. Eating, drinking and rising up to play in the very shadow of the mystery of iniquity. Even the ancient pagans had had the courage to defy unjust and inhumane laws, though death was the penalty of such defiance. He read the words of Antigone to her judge, Nazi of a bygone age:

Nor did I deem that thou, a mortal man,
Could'st by a breath annul and override
The immutable unwritten laws of Heaven.
They were not born today nor yesterday;
They die not; and none knoweth whence they sprang.
What had happened to courage like this? Why so few to resist, why so many to acquiesce in tyranny? Part of the answer seemed to be given in the lines from Wordsworth that he now read:

For a multitude of causes, unknown to former times, are now acting with combined force to blunt the discriminating powers of the mind, and, unfitting it for all voluntary exertion, to reduce it to a state of almost savage torpor. The most effective of these causes are the great national events which are daily taking place, and the increasing accumulation of men in cities, where the uniformity of their occupations produces a craving for extraordinary incident, which the rapid communication of intelligence hourly gratifies. To this tendency of life and manners the literature and theatrical exhibitions of the country have conformed themselves. And what had been the sequel to the paralysis of will, the torpor, the lack of truth, the loss of virtue, the neglect of mutual duties? Shakespeare gave the frightening answer in a

vivid word-picture of anarchy run riot:

Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark! what discord follows; each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be the lord of imbecillity,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:
Force should be right; or rather, right and wrong—
Between whose endless jar justice resides—
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, a universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce a universal prey,
And last eat up himself.

There it was, all of it: lunatic gangsters enslaving an imbecilic populace. Then the ghettos, the concentration camps, the SS men, and now "Werewolves." Like an echo of Shakespeare's dread analysis of totalitarianism came a line from Spenser:

For greater force there needs to maintain wrong than right.

And another echo, this time from Chesterton:

By all men bound to Nothing,
Being slaves without a lord,
By one blind idiot world obeyed,
Too blind to be abhorred;

By God and man dishonoured,
By death and life made vain,
Know ye the old barbarian,
The barbarian come again . . .

And yet the first step in driving out the new barbarian seemed to be the willingness to die for freedom. Ben Jonson expressed it, in the words of a character in one of his plays:

Methinks the genius of the Roman race
Should not be so extinct, but that bright flame
Of liberty might be revived again,
Which no good man but with his life should lose.

That was why they were here, even though the sacrifice might be betrayed, or seem useless. Wordsworth but repeated Jonson's sentiment when he wrote

We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spoke . . .

And was there hope for the future? He shivered as he read the words which Chesterton had put into the mouth of the Mother of God:

I tell you naught for your comfort,
Yea, naught for your desire,
Save that the sky grows darker yet
And the sea rises higher.

Might not those words be for the purpose of steeling us to our task, a task that must be performed if the future is to know freedom? There was hope of that kind in the oft-quoted passage from *Locksley Hall*—

For I dipped into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunder-storm;
Till the war drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled.

In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.
There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,

And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapped in universal law.

And as he read these things, there by the roadside, the sound of the battle had ceased. The thunder of the guns was stilled, the roar of the planes was silent. The sky was intensely bright, the air warm and fresh. The scattered lines he had been reading began to fuse themselves into a pattern, into a single word, a word which the world needed to hear if it would escape destruction, a word that would tell this world of steel that the godless are always inhuman, a word that was a source of truth and virtue and law and freedom and love. And his eyes rested on the final sentence in the book, an old Portuguese proverb that stands at the beginning of Claudel's play, *The Satin Slipper*:

God writes straight with crooked lines.

"He's dead," said the man from the medical detachment, as he bent over the body of an American soldier who lay by the roadside, his rifle gripped tightly in his hand. And the medico folded the dead man's coat over the still face.

NEW FEATURE IN THE BOOK-LOG

AS WE ANNOUNCED in the last edition of the Book-Log, this month we inaugurate the feature of adding each month to the list of the ten books that are most popular a list of ten books that are currently available and which have been selected as being, in the selector's mind, of most enduring value.

This is necessary, if the Book-Log is to give a comprehensive picture of the Catholic literary scene. Only part of that scene is given if only the popularity of the books is reported. Not a few of the best books never make the Book-Log; many of the books that do are by no means of superior quality. The addition of this supplementary list will enable the Book-Log not merely to follow and report Catholic taste but, in some degree, to suggest directions along which it is felt that that taste might well develop. To make the list of practical value, however, it is necessary to include only books that are still obtainable—books that the store can itself actually provide or, for our readers who are not in touch with the reporting stores, books that can still be got from the publishers.

This month's center to make this special selection is the Catholic Lending Library, of Hartford, Conn. The list they offer is, indeed, an impressive and varied one; it is very gratifying to note that seven of the ten books have, at one time or another, made the Book-Log. Only one of them, however, had a long run high on the ladder in the Book-Log, which may serve to point the moral that Catholic popular taste in reading, like any other popular reading taste, does not generally and perseveringly gravitate toward the best.

By contrasting the month-by-month popularity of Catholic books with the supplementary list of books that have proved their worth over a longer period of time, a means is at hand for our readers both to keep up with the currently popular books, which may or may not be really top-notch, and to supplement that reading with books that some bookmen think have been of permanent value.

H. C. G.

BOOKS

SPHINX'S WEARY DETACHMENT

THE MIDDLE SPAN (PERSONS AND PLACES. Vol. II.).

By George Santayana. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50

IN THIS, the second part of his autobiography, Santayana has given us a mildly interesting but insignificant book. It is a volume of superbly written but trivial gossip. Many of the persons of whom he writes are unimportant in themselves. Of those that are important, and of the places, he says unimportant things. All he has to say that is really significant he had already said and said better in the first volume. In fact, as one reads on, the impression grows that the subject had been exhausted in the first volume. In this he is merely harping on a played-out string.

The defects, however, which make this volume vastly inferior to the first are not found in the style. He still writes beautifully. Indeed in one respect the style of this volume shows an improvement over the first. It is less brilliant, farther removed from the almost obtrusive beauty of his philosophical writings, but more easy and flexible and for that reason better adapted to the quiet, reminiscent tone of his narrative. But it is notably poorer in content. After all, Santayana is exclusively a thinker. He is so little the man of action that he characterizes the periods of greatest external activity in his life as "sommambulist periods." Consequently, what we find of special interest in his treatment of persons and places are the philosophical reflections which they provoke in his brilliant and learned mind.

Of these he gave us generously in the first volume. There he proceeded at a leisurely pace, pausing frequently in his narrative to enrich it with long passages in which he set forth his views on religion, literature and life. These philosophic interludes made the chief interest and significance of the book. The absence of them notably impoverishes the present volume. For when Santayana stops being a philosopher, he is nothing.

But if *The Middle Span* contains little explicit exposition of his philosophy, it does provide an illuminating commentary on it. There are many philosophers who share with Santayana the materialistic pessimism which proclaims that "existence is groundless, essentially groundless" and that "all that is real in life is profoundly ugly and wrong." But with the others it is an academic pose which exerts little influence on their lives. They are professional pessimists who confine their pessimism to working hours in the class-room or study. But when the whistle blows they shed it like a suit of overalls and join lustily in the activities which engage the thought and energies of other men.

Not so with Santayana. His pessimism is a deep and inward conviction which powerfully conditioned his thought from earliest years and exerted a decisive and paralyzing influence over the whole course of his life. He really believes that life is incurably absurd and ugly. His cynical contempt for all efforts to make it otherwise is entirely consistent with his statement: "I have never had any illusions about the world's being rationally guided or true to any ideals. . . . I feel myself spiritually very old and expect nothing better." And so he ran away from life. Wrapped in his beloved solitude, he stands high above the human scene, an amused, if sympathetic, spectator of the efforts of men to bring order and meaning into an existence which he knows to be essentially meaningless. Meanwhile, he finds refuge from the unrelieved ugliness of life in solitary reflection and in the memories of pleasant holidays spent in the company of the wealthy and the socially prominent.

This is a real loss. Here is one of the finest and most penetrating minds of our day, equipped with a gift of expression fully adequate to the depth of his thought. But he pays not the slightest heed to the ruin of the world or the efforts of earnest men to rebuild it. There is not a line in his book which betrays that he is even remotely aware of the events of the last ten years. Hitler raged and Europe tumbled in rubble at his feet. With the weary detachment of the Sphinx he sits in his room quietly reminiscing over the amours of his Aunt Elvira. The logical issues of his dreary philosophy are perfectly exemplified in his futile life.

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There is little of Santayana's religious thought in the *Middle Span*. In that respect, too, the book is thin and anemic. But the occasional passages in which he does refer to it—more by implication than by direct statement—are likely to prove misleading to those readers who are unacquainted with his Philosophy of Religion from his other writings. For the benefit of those it might be useful to state that he is a Modernist who occupies a middle ground between the bitter anti-clericalism of his parents and orthodox Catholicism. He was baptized in the Catholic Church and writes of the externals of Catholicism sympathetically and with great beauty. But he was never a practising Catholic and never acknowledged the authority of the Church in Faith and Morals. For him Catholicism is beautiful as epic poetry, not as the font of eternal life. Her doctrines are not statements of literal or historical truth, but poetic symbols by which we render vivid to ourselves our imaginary hopes and longings. In a word, he plays at religion as he plays at life.

LOUIS E. SULLIVAN

STUDIES IN PRIDE AND SIMPLICITY

PRIDE'S WAY. By Robert Molloy. The Macmillan Co. \$2.75

WINDS, BLOW GENTLY. By Ronald Kirkbride. Frederick Fell. \$2.50

BOTH THESE BOOKS are fine reading. Both are set in a Southern locale; neither is cast into an ideological mold that constrains a novel's first purpose—to tell a story; both are warm, human, sympathetic and distinguished by clean, functional writing. True, the second does have the theme of the plight of the Negro farm-worker much at heart, but that social problem never becomes a mere tract. The first has not even that much social implication to it, but both do a lot about one aspect of social life that is important—they bring us friendly and lasting acquaintanceship with people who are real, pathetic and noble, weak and strong, essentially good but parenthetically bad—in other words, human.

Mr. Molloy's novel is laid in Charleston at the beginning of the century. The announcements have made much of the fact that here is a novel of Southern life that highlights the brave front of the proud, poor, old-world-cultured families. I suppose the story of the two old sisters, Miss Julie and Miss Tessie, is representative of that social stratum. I would not know too much about it; but I do know that they are entirely credible people and that the real significance of the book is not whether it lovingly and rather sarcastically ticks off the disappearing South, but that it searches deeply and understandingly into the foibles of human pride—and that is found in the south, north, east and west of any country.

Miss Julie lives with her married daughter; she has been estranged from Miss Tessie for years over a silly family squabble. Both old ladies, the one lovable and kindly, the other sour and frustrated, but both proud, are uneasily remorseful over the rift; both on the same day at church resolve to make up. After some funny skirmishes they do, and Miss Julie moves out of her daughter's home to pair up with her acidulous sister.

Then the fireworks start and the whole situation is pathetically funny. Misunderstandings, estrangements, spats multiply—all, be it remarked, despite the fact that both are trying, if rather ineffectually, to be charitable and understanding. Both are Catholics and very devout Catholics, if a little tinged with superstition—Miss Julie, for example, has the habit of carefully totaling up in a little black book all the indulgences she gains, and Miss Tessie, in her last days, has a "vision" of Our Lady.

Mr. Molloy (and I announce it hopefully as a sign that critics need not be sour and uncreative) is Literary Editor of the New York *Sun*. This is his first novel and a most auspicious start. It is a keen, tolerantly-smiling and affectionate study of two valiant old ladies whose quirks of petty pride bring them a deal of suffering they might have spared themselves in their declining days.

Mr. Kirkbride has chosen to write about a Quaker family that moves into the South. The narrator of the story is the

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youngest son, and there is a quaint freshness about the language which is a combination of youth and Quaker simplicity. The inversions of the sentence-structure are somewhat annoying at times, but they are more than made up for by the charm of the descriptive passages.

The story is simply a family chronicle, made more dramatic toward the end by the feud of the father with the Klan, whose members resent the good treatment, education and wages he gives to his Negro hands. The book ends on a note of tragedy that augurs triumph. Some statements in the book about religion and the spiritual life are wide of the truth, but it must be remembered that they are the statements of the Quaker characters. One episode is rather indelicate, but never, I think, rises to within hailing-distance of suggestiveness.

The characters of the Quaker family are sturdily drawn, and the very close-knit and loving family life is a rare delight in modern fiction. The book is as old-fashioned as the beautiful phrase "God-fearing," which motivates that family life and is well worth reading about in these days that are reuniting so many families.

HAROLD C. GARDINER

GREAT STUDY OF YOUNG DEMOCRACY

DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA. By Alexis de Tocqueville.

Edited by Phillips Bradley. Two volumes. Alfred A. Knopf. \$6

IN 1831, two talented young Frenchmen, Alexis de Tocqueville and Gustave de Beaumont, came to our shores to make a case-study of American democracy. The details of their painstaking travels and investigations have been brought to light in G. W. Pierson's *Tocqueville and Beaumont in America*, which appeared in 1938. On its heels comes this new edition of the English translation of the work de Tocqueville published in France in two volumes, in 1835 and 1840 respectively.

The editor has done a handsome job. In his lengthy Introduction he has retrieved the opinions of early reviewers in France, England and America, the most notable of them being John Stuart Mill. Professor Bradley has discussed de Tocqueville's purpose in making the study of American democracy, recent evaluations of the work, and the most important topics treated in it. All of de Tocqueville's notes have been restored, the translation has been spruced up, and a complete bibliography appended.

De Tocqueville's attitude in approaching his subject is extremely relevant for our day. He was an aristocrat, but intelligent enough to understand that democracy had won the day. His purpose was to warn French enthusiasts for it of the limitations it imposed and the self-discipline it demanded. On the other hand, he wished to dislodge its opponents from their exaggerated fears of its consequences. In other words, he took as objective and scientific an attitude as any man can take in dealing with political questions. The young man of twenty-nine astounded the world of 1835 by his success in achieving his ideal.

De Tocqueville studied American democracy in three dimensions: the political, the sociological and the philosophical-religious. He became one of the first to see that political institutions are conditioned upon the social and cultural context in which they are placed. This is the only fruitful way of studying politics, but very few scholars have the equipment to follow it. It is not so hard to combine the political and sociological approaches, but to combine them with the philosophical-religious requires rare genius and preparation. De Tocqueville was enough of a Catholic to perform the task. "I believe," he wrote in crisp French, "but I do not practise." He saw clearly that the great freedom provided by the democratic form of government required the discipline of religious belief and moral character in the people. He thought that Americans possessed these qualities, but Frenchmen did not.

Among de Tocqueville's great contributions a few stand out. He thought the roots of democracy were set in the soil of, not state, but local government. He saw that "the people reign in the American political world as the Deity does in

the universe." This is an exaggerated way of saying what is perfectly true, that public opinion plays the decisive role in a democracy. He recognized, too, that the principle of majority rule inherent in American democracy, workable as it was, could lead to majoritarian tyranny. He was so impressed by the novelty of the American system of federalism that he suggested the need of a new word to describe it. He knew how different were the mainsprings of the American and French Revolutions.

Several weaknesses appear in his work. He had, apparently, no metaphysical grasp of the natural law. He therefore failed to understand the principle of authority as a balance to freedom. He misconceived the principle of human equality, not seeing that man's social nature requires subordination to the common good as expressed in policies determined upon by the people as a juridical whole. As a man of his age he was unable wholly to slough off the erroneous assumptions of French thought. His work is therefore imperfect, but the imperfections do not keep it from ranking high among the "Great Books" of western culture. For his French mind was penetrating and clear, and his style eloquent in its objectivity and steadiness. The fact that he used "democracy" in half a dozen senses may be confusing to the cursory reader, but it offers a challenge to the student of what Saint Thomas has termed the highest human art, that of politics.

ROBERT C. HARTNETT

MINOR HERESIES. By John J. Espey. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2

CLARENCE DAY'S unforgettable portrait of the scenes of his childhood started a vogue which has produced many a literary family album. One of the best of these is Mr. Espey's swift and witty book, marked as it is by adroit characterization, sympathetic humor and good writing. His father was a Presbyterian missionary working in China, and there John was born, grew up, got his secondary schooling and a mint of memories. He attended Occidental College (in Los Angeles) and Oxford, whence he returned to Occidental to teach English. His first published book reflects the richness of his background. His father, mother, sisters and aunts are sharply and splendidly drawn; their hopes, struggles, zeal and courage are recorded with affectionate indulgence and genuine admiration. He treats religion with a filial fondness which, unfortunately, overflows at times into flippancy; and although the viewpoint of the book is that of the irrepressible Espey Junior, one cannot completely exonerate Espey Senior from the charge of irreverence. WILLIAM A. DONAGHY

PLEASANT VALLEY. By Louis Bromfield. Harper and Bros. \$3

WHEN THE THREAT of war ended Mr. Bromfield's long residence in France, he returned with his family to his boyhood home in the hill country of northern Ohio, there to build "an island of security which could be a refuge not only for myself and my family but my friends as well." His plan called for the organization of a co-operative farm on which "each family would have a house, rent free, with light and heat, bathrooms and plumbing, all its living save only coffee, spices and sugar, as well as a salary above the average," while he supplied the money necessary for the venture.

Pleasant Valley is the story of the success of the plan, a story written with infectious enthusiasm. Hard work and intelligent farming have restored four worn-out farms to fertility and beauty, and today the once neglected land supports thirty-five people in what the author succeeds in portraying as a very pleasant life. Most of the book is devoted to a convincing demonstration of Mr. Bromfield's thesis that "live" farming can restore the fertility of the land, but scattered throughout are tales of the countryside and diverting accounts of the men and animals of Pleasant Valley.

Unnecessary repetition and occasional lapses in sentence structure and punctuation are minor defects which detract from the literary value of the book. However, Mr. Bromfield can hardly have intended to produce a literary masterpiece or a scientific treatise on the variety of subjects about which he expresses opinions. He wanted to tell the inspiring story of a happy experiment in Pleasant Valley, and he has told it well in an interesting book. ERNEST V. MCCLEAR

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THEATRE

TOO HOT FOR MANEUVERS is a story of the vicissitudes of life and love in a military prep school. The love interest, I hasten to mention, is the wholesome and unexciting courtship of the headmaster and his fiancée. Other aspects of the yarn are quite as tepid as the headmaster's wooing, but considerably less wholesome.

Complications begin when two overweight cadets make an effort to get in shape for basketball. As the school gym has recently burned down, the youths decide to condition themselves in Countess Rosini's massage parlor, an establishment which everybody else in the locality believes is not a massage parlor at all, but a disguised house of assignation. When the boys are discovered and called up on the carpet they are asked the wrong questions, and their grilling results in everybody suspecting everybody else of sly intentions or guilty conduct. A War Department inspector, with a Government grant in his pocket, and a pair of vain parents make their appearance at embarrassing moments, but I can't remember precisely what they have to do with the plot. It doesn't matter much, for in the end it turns out that Countess Rosini is just a firm name adopted by plain Mary Johnson, and Miss Johnson is not operating a pleasure house but a kind of indoor *Spa* where gentlemen addicted to middle-age spread can have their waistlines reduced. If this long description of the plot fails to make it clear, don't bother. It's much too complicated for its importance.

Readers familiar with this type of comedy have probably already guessed that *Too Hot for Maneuvers* is launched with a first-act barrage of leers, smirks and lines with double meaning—lines that are actually innocent but apparently salacious. Most of the humor that isn't suggestive is dated, some of it whiskered. Night watchmen and other robots who get an opportunity to see a sophisticated show only once in a blue moon may enjoy it.

A cast of slick actors makes the story plausible and mildly entertaining. Richard Arlen, a Hollywood star, assumes the role of the headmaster in quest of Broadway laurels. If he fails to win a wreath he at least achieves a better performance than his part deserves. The same may be said of Helene Reynolds, as the headmaster's sweetheart, and of every member of the cast, especially Dickie Van Patten and Michael Dreyfuss, the trouble-making cadets, and Ellen Andrews as Countess Rosini.

The play was written by Les White and Bud Pearson, and directed by the authors. Wolfgang Roth designed the sets which, like the acting, are too good for the play. Mr. Arlen and his supporting cast can be seen doing their best in the Broadhurst Theatre. James S. Elliott produced the play. Why?

THEOPHILUS LEWIS

FILMS

SON OF LASSIE. Everyone who saw and enjoyed *Lassie Come Home* will want to put this newest episode of a dog's devotion on his "must see" list. This film is made of the same stuff as its predecessor—the record of a dog's loyalty to his master. Laddie, an intriguing collie, is at first thought not to have inherited the keen wits of his amazing parent; however, as the tale unfolds there is never a doubt that the four-footed hero is a chip off the old block. Peter Lawford has the role of Joe, a grown-up version of the one introduced by Roddy McDowall, and his experiences involve him in the war. When his master, a British soldier, makes a flight over Norway, Laddie accompanies him and the two parachute to safety in Nazi-occupied territory. Then begins a hectic chase with the enemy, for the animal's insistence on finding his master reveals the man's presence on more than one occasion. At last, via the underground, the soldier gets back to England and is reunited with his faithful friend. June Lockhart is Priscilla, while Donald Crisp and Nigel Bruce once more play their original parts. There are suspense, excitement and some heart-warming moments in this story, and no review would be complete without mention of the almost dazzling splendor of the outdoor scenes in Technicolor. This will send the whole family home glowing and happy. (M-G-M)

THE BRIGHTON STRANGLER. If rather gruesome psychological thrillers satisfy you as diversion, this one may go on your list. Here is murder in not-too-gory form. London during the blitz is the scene, and the melodrama concerns itself with an actor (John Loder) who has had a long run as a homicidal maniac in a horror play. When hit during a bombing raid, a head injury converts him into the maniacal killer he so often portrayed. Strangled victims chart the madman's trail, until Scotland Yard officials track him down. Breathless moments pile up as the menace closes in on June Duprez, but hardened playgoers will anticipate the climax. There have been better dramas of this variety; however, as a chiller this holds interest for adults. (R.K.O. Radio)

CHINA SKY. Pearl Buck's novel has not received the finest treatment in this story of an American doctor's exploits in China. Too much artificiality and not enough vitality have been injected into the adaptation; nevertheless, there are drama and some appalling scenes of bomb devastation. Randolph Scott is the physician who finds his life set awry by more than the war when he returns from the States to his small Chinese village, with a selfish social-butterfly bride (Ellen Drew). Adults will be moderately interested. (R.K.O. Radio)

MARY SHERIDAN

PARADE

CIVILIZED MAN cannot get along without dining, as the well-known poet, Browning, brought out. . . . News during the week manifested another deep-seated requirement of civilized man—the need for living quarters. . . . A London newspaper carried the following advertisement: "Unable to locate suitable apartment here in England, a married couple, desirous of activating their postwar dream, wish to contact owner of tropical island with view to inhabiting same." . . . An ad in a Kansas City paper read: "Will exchange my interest in the hereafter for productive lead on a clean, furnished apartment or house. I'm desperate." . . . A Barre, Vt., journal printed this: "Free, two cartons of cigarettes to anyone who would be instrumental in helping me secure a suitable six-room cottage, duplex or apartment with bath, to rent." . . . In Washington, a naval officer carrying his baby trudged the streets with his wife late at night looking for some place to stay. A police prowler car drew up, a policeman asked: "Looking for an apartment?" . . . Answered in the affirmative, the policeman said: "Jump in. We're on our way to arrest two guys. We'll take them away, and you can move into their apartment." The naval man and family jumped in the car, and later moved into the apartment. . . . Roast-beef continued prominent in the news. . . . In Belleville, Ill., a middle-aged woman strode into a butcher-shop, saw a large piece of roast-

beef in a refrigerated case, said she wanted to purchase it. Informed it had already been sold, she whipped out a revolver, told the butcher to get it for her and please make it snappy. He made it snappy. Grabbing the meat, the woman hurried outside to an auto containing five men. With the five men eying the juicy meat clutched by the woman, the auto sped away.

A guard in the Chicago zoo making the rounds of the parrot house came upon a soldier stretched out on a bench fast asleep. . . . Awakened, the soldier, fresh from the South Pacific, explained he could not sleep outside the zoo. He said: "I miss the chatter of parrots and cockatoos. I guess I've got so used to jungle noises that I'm finding it hard to sleep without them." . . . During life on earth man becomes accustomed to his own particular environment and finds it difficult to adjust himself to new surroundings. . . . In Heaven, there will be nothing like this. . . . Nobody there will be overheard saying: "It will take me some time to become adjusted to this. I miss so many of the things on earth." . . . Nothing will be missing in Heaven. . . . In some form or other, the best things of earth will be on hand, and much more. . . . In Heaven, there will be no homesickness for earth.

JOHN A. TOOMEY

CORRESPONDENCE

A PARABLE

EDITOR: The parable told by Joseph Bech, Chairman of the delegation from Luxembourg to the San Francisco United Nations Conference, at the Seventh Plenary Session, on May 1, deserves to be placed on the record. Mr. Bech said in concluding his address:

May I, before ending, recall a parable? A man was passing near the site of a new cathedral. He asked one of the workmen what he was doing, and the man replied, "I am breaking stones." A second workman said: "I am earning my wages." A third, to whom he put the same question, turned his eyes, bright with religious fervor, toward the half-finished cathedral and answered: "I am building a cathedral."

May the spirit and faith of that workman animate all of us here who are called upon to build the framework of peace, and the name of San Francisco, the name of the Saint whose life was a single canticle of peace, will be blessed by generations to come.

There are some delegates here at UNCIO who are just breaking stones. But there are also many who are building cathedrals. These deserve the support, through encouragement and prayers, of all good men throughout the world.

San Francisco, Calif.

ROBERT A. GRAHAM, S.J.

BELGIUM MOURNS F.D.R.

EDITOR: Your tribute to President Roosevelt expressed America's attitude toward him. Perhaps you'd like to know what Belgium thought. The enclosed letter gives the picture, and a little human-interest sketch of the Belgian people during the war.

... How sad an event was the death of President Roosevelt! Here [Alost, Belgium] the people, stunned, just walked the streets, talking of nothing else. But yesterday I saw homage to him that could not be surpassed, I think, even in his own dear U.S.A. One of the big department stores in Brussels (a small edition of Macy's) put a beautiful painting of Roosevelt in the window; tastefully draped with the Allied flags. It was really something. Crowds assembled to see it, and pay a silent respect. In all the churches, of course, there were services for him; all flags went and still are, half mast; the Embassy and consular offices received countless messages. But for the simple people, Mr. and Mrs. Normal Citizen, there was no outlet for their grief. So do you know what they did? In front of that department-store window, right on the sidewalk, they placed flowers. For three days they were carrying their tributes until the whole sidewalk for the distance of a block was like a blockhouse of flowers.

You remember the American Flag you so kindly gave us 'way back when? All during the Nazi occupation it had to be hidden; but each year, as the forces of the enemy waned, I opened the trunk and put the flag a little nearer the top. At last came the happy day. Freedom returned and the beautiful banner could take its place in the sun and breeze. We rushed home (the baby and I) from the country—where we had been to make room for the bombs around our house—and I immediately brought out the flag. Never will I forget the moment I put it out—high over the dirty, bombed, battle-torn streets of Alost. I cried like a baby. That marvelous banner, tossing itself so proudly to the winds, proclaimed my homesickness, my longing for you, dear Mom and Dad, the fear of the last five years, the horror of the fight and the misery. But it proclaimed also the triumph over it all, the care of a good husband, the sheer beauty of a sweet child of three, and the crowds of nice people we are proud to call friends. . . .

Woodstock, Md.

JOHN W. MAGAN, S.J.

THE CASE OF AUSTRIA

EDITOR: The quick establishment of a provisional Austrian Cabinet is one of the great surprises presented by the Soviet Government to its Western allies. A Soviet attitude favorable to the restoration of the country's sovereignty must be considered by the Austrians as a friendly gesture. However, this cannot conceal the fact that the new Cabinet under the leadership of the Social Democrat, Dr. Karl Renner, has no real power except that granted to it by the Red Army.

The Cabinet, which is dominated by the two Marxist parties (Social Democrats and Communists) may perhaps not even be representative of the eastern, industrial regions of Austria occupied by the Russians. Only two ministries are held by the Christian Social Party. Dr. Renner is a very experienced and flexible politician who proved particular skill in delicate situations which called for compromise. In Imperial Austria he defended the Austrian State idea. After 1918 he favored the *Anschluss*, and professed this stand even after Austria's occupation by Hitler Germany. It is to be hoped that he has found his way back to his nationalist credo of earlier years.

For the establishment of a definitive Austrian government, the liberation of Federal Chancellor Kurt von Schuschnigg from a Nazi prison in the Tyrol may be of decisive importance. Dr. von Schuschnigg will be greeted enthusiastically by the Catholic people of Austria as their surviving leader and martyr. Dr. von Schuschnigg may also claim that he is the last constitutional and internationally recognized head of an Austrian Cabinet. It remains to be seen whether the state of health in which he left the German prison will permit him to become immediately a central political figure now in Austria.

In any case, with the liberation of the Western (agricultural and prevailingly conservative-minded) Austrian *Länder*, the conditions for the establishment of an Austrian government representative of the whole Federal State will be present. It may be expected that the Western Allied Powers will immediately show their active interest in Austria, and that an agreement among the Great Powers will prevent a repetition in the heart of Europe of what has happened in the case of Poland.

New York, N. Y.

PETER BERGER

WHAT KIND OF EDUCATION?

EDITOR: Recently a 17-year-old boy from Renwick, Iowa, was sentenced to life imprisonment because he had shot his stepfather to death with a .22 rifle for scolding him. All admit that the lad erred grievously; but many seem to lament the severity of his punishment. In this case as in many others public opinion has ardently expressed a desire for reformation in the methods of punishing crime, especially the crimes of youth.

There is an old adage which says, "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Certainly statistics and experts on the problem have conclusively shown that reformation of methods of punishment, though very necessary and useful, will never check the upward swing of juvenile delinquency.

Education, the criminologists tell us, is one of the most effective preventatives of crime. But will education do the job? I think the statistics bear out the fact that a great majority of juvenile delinquents have fulfilled the State requirements for compulsory education. But to merely train a fine mind may be to train a brilliant criminal or a worthy citizen.

The problem of the youthful American delinquent is being brought home to us more forcefully day by day. The cry for reform grows louder and louder. But, when we talk of reform, let us seek to prevent the crime instead of merely reducing a bit the already present evil. If the American boy were properly educated morally both at home and at school, would he turn so often to crime?

Spokane, Wash.

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THE WORD

THE HOLY SPIRIT has a task to do in the world today almost as big as the task He undertook when He came to fill the hearts of the Apostles. He accomplished the task He had to do in the Apostles and in the world of their time, because they came to know Him, to rely on Him, to appeal to Him constantly. Phrases like, "Receive you the Holy Spirit," "You are temples of the Holy Spirit," meant something very big and real to early Christians. The receiving of the Holy Spirit was as real to them as the receiving of the Body and Blood of Christ. The love of the Holy Spirit was as real as the love of Christ dying on the Cross. The power of the Holy Spirit working on the minds and hearts of men was to them as real as the miraculous power of Christ working on the bodies of the diseased, the blind, the maimed.

To them the Holy Spirit was a *person*, one you could talk to, one you could reason with, one you could learn from. As a person, He was preeminently understanding. He understood intimately the mind of God and the ways of God and the plans of God for man. He understood also the mind of man, its blind spots, its quirks and deviousness, its ability to deceive itself, yet, at the root, its striving for truth. Knowing God's mind and man's mind, He knew also how to get inside the mind of man and turn it towards the truth. He had all the gifts of the best of teachers, the knack of making truth clear and attractive, of helping man's mind to concentrate on the simplicity of truth in spite of thousands of distractions. He knew how to make God and the ways of God and the plans of God attractive and understandable to the mind of man, which after all cannot be satisfied until it knows God. To the Apostles and to early Christians, the Holy Spirit was a person who really could and did teach the hearts of the Faithful. They took their problems to Him and asked His guidance.

To whom better could they go? Or can we go? To come to understand, for instance, a phrase like, "My yoke is sweet and my burden light," or "Unless you deny yourselves, take up your cross and follow me, you cannot be my disciples." To understand the very basic fact that God's Commandments are laws of love designed for our happiness, that without them we cannot find peace and happiness. To understand deeply and obediently that when the Church speaks, whether on the Real Presence, or on birth control or divorce, or social problems, or on the obligation of forgiveness, she is speaking with the love and the wisdom and the authority of Christ. Who better than the Holy Spirit can help us to understand the minds of children and their needs? If not from Him, where can we get an understanding of the meaning of war and the root principles of peace?

All these things the Holy Spirit knows. All these things the Holy Spirit is eager and anxious to teach. He has His ways into our minds and the minds of others; so that, if we come to know Him, know Him as a person, He can and will enlighten our minds and the minds of all men.

As a person, He has more than knowledge to offer. He has love. He is love. If our minds were capable of taking in all that is most beautiful in love, married love, parental love, love of brothers and sisters, love of friends, patriotic love, the love of Christ for men, the love of God the Father for God the Son, and seeing in one person the personification of all that is fine in love, we would know the person who is called the Holy Spirit. Knowing Him as the person who is all love, we would call upon Him to bring more real love, true love into young lives, into married lives, into all the dealings of men with men.

Wisdom and love: these two things we need. These two things men were made for. Without them men cannot be men. Wisdom and love, love based on wisdom and wisdom realized in love: these are sanctity. These are the great gifts we ask of the Holy Spirit on this special Feast day of His and on all days. We beg them for ourselves and for our very young children, for our priests and Bishops and Pope, for our national leaders, for our world leaders.

"Come, Holy Spirit, fill the hearts of Thy faithful and enkindle in them the fire of Thy love. Send forth Thy spirit and they shall be created, and Thou shalt renew the face of the earth." With wisdom and with love.

JOHN P. DELANEY

THE AMERICA BOOK-LOG FOR MAY

REPORTING THE RETURNS SENT BY THE CATHOLIC BOOKDEALERS FROM ALL SECTIONS OF THE COUNTRY ON THE TEN BOOKS HAVING THE BEST SALE DURING THE CURRENT MONTH

Popularity of the ten books listed below is estimated by points, ten for mention in first place, nine for mention in second, and so on. The frequency with which a book is mentioned, as well as its relative position, are both indicated—the frequency in the "totals" columns, the relative position by the boxed numerals.

[illegible]

The Catholic Lending Library of Hartford, Conn., selects as the currently available books of most lasting value: *Screw-tape Letters**—Lewis; *Song of Bernadette**—Werfel; *We Have Been Friends Together**—Maritain; *Light Before Dusk*—Iswolsky; *A Woman Wrapped in Silence**—Lynch;



G. K. Chesterton*—Ward; *Secrets of the Saints*—Gheon;—*Catholic Literary Review*—Alexander; *Catholic Pattern**—Woodlock; *Judgment of the Nations**—Dawson.

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